

## Dangerous and Unbelievably Vain

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## Dangerous and Unbelievably Vain

by [Tanachvil](#)

### Summary

\*Written for the skyrimkinkmeme\*: I'd love to read Sanguine in a situation that's not the usual "A Night to Remember" scenario, and out of his natural territory. How is it to have him as a friend with benefits? Does he help if you're suddenly attacked by dragons, or does he flirt with the dragon? And what happens when our DB starts to look forward to his visits a bit too much?

Daedric Princes are a girl's best friends... or not.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The first time he came to her was a surprise.

Alys was pacing back and forth in her room at the Palace of Kings, and she was playing with the Rose, making the staff twirl in her hands like a baton, hitting the air and making soft dull noises. She was nervous, and she couldn't sleep, thinking too much and feeling like she was in the dungeons downstairs, more than in one of the dimly lit luxurious bedrooms of Ulfric's palace.

"You know, I was thinking..."

She almost had a heart attack, and then she found herself in a fighting stance, with her hand crackling with electricity, her lungs full, ready to shout.

She let the "FUS" on her lips die and exhaled in what sounded more like a "Fuuuuck..." in the general direction of the seven feet tall figure leaning casually against the mantelpiece.

“I was thinking two things, actually. One, that you should stop twirling that... I didn’t gift you with my favourite staff so that you could break it or accidentally summon dremoras in your bedroom. Unless it’s not accidental, then...”

He smiled, and in that smile she could read mischief and some strange measure of pride, before he went on. “The other thing is...”

“Sanguine, what...” she finally recovered enough to try and interrupt him. “What... did I summon you?”

She felt like ice and she paled, feeling rooted in place and suddenly slightly terrified.

His laughter echoed in the room, making her feel really stupid, other than scared.

“Summoned? Me? Oh, my sweet, you couldn’t do that even if you tried, and then I would be really, annoyed and it wouldn’t end terribly well.... no, no, my champion, you didn’t accidentally summon a Deadric Prince... Oh, please, would you stop looking like that? Put the staff down and have a drink! You look like I’ve come here to rain fury and destruction and, I don’t know... boring people and rotten skeevers! You know it’s not my style, Alys...”

She looked at him, for a moment, and decided that, as much as there was nothing that looked nonthreatening in the daedra in front of her, the fact that he was currently uncorking a bottle of mead with his teeth and filling up a tankard while he spoke meant he was not going to kill her, after all. That didn’t mean he wasn’t there to demand her eternal service, or to make her go on some suicide quest mission, or to ask her to kill random people.

“...Besides, you really shouldn’t let the others bully you like that. It’s not good for your nerves, apparently.” The look on her face was probably very eloquent, because he laughed again. “Yeah, I know, naturally. I’m not jealous! Before you go and panic again: I never said we were exclusive, you and me, but really... All that trouble for a trinket? You almost got yourself killed for a fancy soul gem? And you shouldn’t let Bal mess up with your head... He’s really good at that, and I’d hate to see you reduced to bones and chewed meat when he’s finished with you. Admittedly that’s more Namira’s style, but...”

She suppressed a shiver, thinking back at what had happened in Markhart just two weeks before, but she was starting to feel more like herself again. She finally moved and put the Rose down, near the rest of her weapons.

“...I really like the mace.”

“Of course you do! You’re really violent, sometimes, my sweet. You’re nice and small and you smell like sweetrolls, but then you get that look and go all murderous, and I really can’t tell if it’s more sexy or slightly worrying.”

He was smiling, now, and she took the tankard from his hands without trembling.

Daedra really were not good for her nerves, but this one... Well, this one was as dangerous as the others, but apparently not that night.

“Sanguine... not that I’m not happy to see you” she started, then took a sip of mead and immediately felt better. It was warm and sweet and she felt part of the tension in her shoulders go. “but... What are you doing in my room, in Windhelm, in the middle of the night?”

“I was bored. And you kept on twirling my staff. And I got thinking... ah, yes, the other thing!”

“Oh no... I’m not following you around again! Not tonight, at last... I’m really in the middle of something. Something nasty, a war... And I really don’t know if I’m on the right side or if I should

really be doing this, and then there's the Alduin thing, and the Blades, and I'm supposed to go up to High Hrothgar and lead a peace council, and I really don't know what am I supposed to do, so, sorry, but I really can't afford waking up in a temple three days later, this time!"

He looked at her seriously, for a moment, and she feared she had made a big mistake and forgotten who she was talking to. Once the initial shock had dissipated, and the mead had started having effect (really, she could swear it was not that strong when she had had some, not three hours before...) she had felt more relaxed around him, like he was just Sam again, and they were back at the Bannered Mare.

But he wasn't angry, apparently, he looked at her and then rolled his eyes, annoyed if anything, then he crossed the stone floor in two steps and threw himself on the bed, making the wooden frame creak in protest.

She looked at the scene and couldn't suppress a giggle: there she was, in a room of Ulfric's Palace, with a Daedric Prince in full armour stretched on her bed... She had to look away.

That mead really was getting to her, and she decided to put the tankard down, because she really couldn't afford to let her thoughts go down that road. And yet it was not easy to avoid thinking dangerously, when the Daedric Prince of Debauchery was looking up at her, stretching himself on her mattress and groaning appreciatively at the soft pillows... Or the mead... Or something else. But he was groaning and that had caused her rational mind to pack a bag and take a sudden refreshing holiday.

She said the first thing that came to what was left of her mind.

"You'll tear the sheets. Joerlief will kill me, tomorrow. Do you always go around in full armour?"

He smirked "It looks incredibly good on me."

She couldn't help but smile. She added unbelievably vain to dangerous, charismatic and unpredictable.

The list of adjectives that could describe Sanguine was growing steadily, since the last time she had met him. When she had came back from Morvunkasr with the staff, Lydia had asked her a million questions, and she had found herself at loss when she'd come to describe him to her. Since then, she had mentally kept a list, a short list made to describe the indescribable.

Alys placed her tankard down on the table, then looked at the bed again, and stopped smiling. The armour was gone, and black skin and dark red ridges caught the warm light coming from the fireplace.

His legs were covered in black leather breeches, but the rest of him was bare and exposed and he looked perfectly relaxed, while he flexed his arms and crossed them behind his head. She opened her mouth, but she found she had really nothing to say, so she just stood there, gaping at him and feeling very small and very stupid.

"Now, as I was saying, the other thing. That Ulfric, upstairs, he really is a tough one, isn't he? All taken in his role of the liberating hero, all focused and determined... that's utterly boring and I thought we could liven things up a bit, you and me."

She shook herself from her stupefied paralysis and walked to the bed, but then found herself at loss at what to do. She wanted to sit down, since her legs were not feeling very steady at the moment, but she really didn't feel like sitting on the bed beside him. Or, to be honest, she felt very much like it, but she was sure it was the worst idea she could possibly have, so she just stood there, waiting for him to go on.

"You act all resentful and defensive about my little quest for the Rose, but you really needed that, back then, you know? And look at you! You're working yourself to your death, dragonborn, and

that would be a pity, honestly... And Ulfric? He's cut from the same cloth, that one. I could tell you how much has passed since the last time he got seriously drunk, or laid, and you wouldn't believe me. So, that's what I was thinking..."

The meaning of his words suddenly caught up with her.

"What? Sanguine, what in Oblivion are you... You're not suggesting I go up and seduce Ulfric Stormcloak, aren't you? Because that's not happening..."

"Oh, come on, Alys! You're a spoilsport! At least listen to my idea, it's brilliant..."

He put himself up on his side, with his head supported by his arm and patted the mattress, glancing at her with a smile on his face that managed to look perfectly innocent and unthreatening. Despite knowing it was a truly bad idea, she had to sit down on the bed. Her head was spinning madly and once she hit the mattress, she couldn't help but following the movement and soon she found herself lying down, looking up at Sanguine form far too close.

She had a moment of lucidity, realizing how stupid an idea it had been to drink something he had offered her, once again, but then she got distracted and her head gave up completely.

She could smell him, from this distance, and she felt herself shiver just from that. Despite not being one, he smelled very much like a man, but his scent was warmer, deeper and had an otherworldly quality that remembered her of the smell left by spells in the air, after a fight. He smelled of magic and power.

"Here's the plan, listen..." She was brought back from her reverie, and she looked at him, suddenly very curious. She felt like laughing and she felt like running away at the same time, but she was very curious.

"You enter his room, lock the door behind you, and I make sure no one comes interrupting, that much is obvious. Then, I was thinking, if he's asleep, you could crawl under his furs and wake him up nice and properly, with that mouth of yours..."

His eyes were unfocused, following his train of thoughts and the picture he was painting with his words, but his free hand came to rest on her hair while he spoke, stroking her idly like he would have touched a pet.

The laughter she had felt growing inside her just moment before burst out of her, and she found she didn't feel that intimidated anymore, not this close to him. She felt like this was something she knew how to handle, like it was finally known territory: she could handle pillow talk. Right, it was a strange pillow talk, since it didn't followed sex and it involved talking about sex with someone who was not in the room at the moment, but still... Every moment, with Sanguine, from the time he had first introduced himself as Sam, had felt like pillow talk.

She finally realized what it was, that strange sensation of intimacy and playfulness she felt every time she looked at him, that carelessness, desire to let go of everything: it was part of his power, part of being him. He was the lord of that feeling, and she was losing the will to fight it every second that passed.

She laughed.

"Yeah, sure, why not! I sneak in Ulfric's bed and grab his cock! That's a brilliant plan, Sanguine!"

His smile widened and his eyes focused back on her.

"It is, shut up... and then you could..."

"... die on the sword I'm sure he has under his pillow."

"Oh.. Shut up! always thinking of murder! Why should he stab you?"

"Because I sneaked in his room and crawled in his bed! I can't believe I'm saying this..."

“Nonsense! He wants you so bad that he wouldn’t have the time to be paranoid!”

“He what...?”

“He wants you.”

“He does not.”

“And you want him.”

“Shut up.”

“Why? It’s true. And you can’t hide that kind of thing from me, you know? He can’t, I can see it in his eyes every time he looks at you, and you can’t either. I can see desire, I can taste it all around you, every time you feel it.”

She felt suddenly sober, but that didn’t help. His hand closed around her hair and tugged gently, exposing her neck. The next words were spoken directly against her skin and his voice vibrated so low she had to resonate with it, letting a moan escape her mouth before she could stop it.

“I can taste all that pent up need and frustration, I can feel you’re burning up from the inside, even now, and you’re too stubborn and too scared to admit it.”

He licked along the column from her neck to her jawline and his fist balled in her hair, becoming slightly painful. When he spoke again, she felt his breath on her wet skin like a caress and her hands moved on their own accord, trying to find something to hold on to and ending up on his chest.

“See? Why should you hold it all inside? You should fight dragons, not yourself, Alys... So, what do you say? Want to be a good girl and go wake up Ulfric?”

“Fuck Ulfric...”

“That’s exactly what I was...”

She realized she had, at some point, closed her eyes, she took a shallow breath and opened them again, finding that Sanguine had almost climbed on top of her in the meantime.

It was all perfectly true, she wanted Ulfric, badly, and that was part of what made the situation she was in a total mess, but it was not the thought of Ulfric, asleep in his room upstairs, that had her mad with need in that moment. For a moment she felt uncertain and self conscious, then she decided she didn’t care: she locked her eyes on his and slid her legs open, letting Sanguine drift between them.

“No. Fuck Ulfric.” she repeated, this time the meaning was more than clear in her tone.

To be perfectly sure he understood, she rolled her hips in a long and languid brush against him. He got the message.

She felt him, hard as ebony, grind down on her almost painfully, and a moment later, his mouth was on hers.

There really wasn’t much room for comparison, since she had never kissed a Daedric Prince, before, but she felt like there was no other being in existence capable of kissing like Sanguine. He drank from her like she was wine, and blood, and magic, his tongue felt electric against her own and when he bit her slowly, releasing her, she felt a jolt of pain and pleasure passing her through, from her mouth down to her core.

She gasped for breath and she barely had time to do that before he kissed her again. Then, leaving her lips to start a trail from her neck to her breasts, she heard him mutter against her skin

“Finally....”

Her tunic ended up in pieces, somewhere on the floor, the sharp noise of fabric being ripped from her body made the pressure inside her grow to the point of explosion. She felt like she could come just from that, if he didn't touch her soon. But she wanted to touch him, to see him, to get her fill of him, first.

The weight on top of her, the hands gripping the underside of her knees, the back she was scratching with her nails, that was not a man, not a creature of this plane, not a mortal by any standards... she was touching something that was far beyond her understanding and she just wanted to look at it. And possibly lick at it. Most definitely bite it and leave marks on it.

She pushed at his shoulders and he let her, rolling on his back and grinning at her when she came up to straddle his legs. She wanted to take a good look at him, but she couldn't wait. The expanse of ebony black skin was calling to her, and she wanted to know if those dark red patterns on his arms and chest tasted different from the rest.

His skin was incredibly smooth, but felt thicker, like hide, like leather, when she sunk her teeth in it, just under his left nipple. He groaned and bent his legs, pushing her up to sit on his hips, with her wet center rubbing suddenly on him.

She straightened up and shifted her weight, feeling him press on her and, even through the leather of his clothes, she could feel warmth way beyond what was humanly normal. All his body felt unnaturally hot, like he was running a deadly fever, and she just wanted to roll herself into that warmth, she wanted to have him inside her, to know how it felt to have that fire in her.

“You'll feel like you are burning up from the inside, but I promise, you're safe...”

His voice startled her and she realized she had failed to keep her thoughts to herself, like she often did.

His hands were on her hips, and then she felt him move and roll them over once again, but this time she could feel his naked thighs against her skin. What was left of her smalls was gone as well and she didn't care to ask how or where, because his mouth was suddenly on her, teeth pulling at one of her nipples, tongue circling the other one soon after, while his hand trailed down.

She looked down at him: his horns, dangerously close to her face, were hypnotizing, while he sucked and then bit at her nipple again, completely distracting her from his hands until one of them came to tease her opening. She was incredibly wet and when he slid one thick finger inside her, she clenched around it instinctively. He had not lied: just his hands inside her felt like fire, but it wasn't painful, not exactly. It was like every nerve in her body was being awakened, like the warmth in his skin was lighting her up from the inside and she could suddenly feel every inch of her own skin, every cell in her body, become more sensitive and more alive.

“I promise you, my champion, I will not hurt you...” he pushed his fingers inside her, then out, and stroked her clit with his thumb in time with his words. She could barely hear what he was saying, with his mouth pressed against her skin, but she heard him perfectly when he climbed back up, his hands leaving her for a moment and then gripping her legs.

He whispered, again “I will not hurt you...” his voice low, far from reassuring, “Unless you want me to” and he sank into her.

It felt like being run through by a firebolt, a spell running through her from the tips of her toes to her scalp, setting every inch of her body on fire. But where fire made everything one single painful scream of agony (and she knew that all too well), Sanguine was making her body sing.

He pushed into her in one powerful stroke, burying himself to the hilt and then grinding down, leaving her breathless for more than one moment.

He muttered something under his breath, something that sounded like a word, but in a language that

she couldn't understand, then he moved, slowly, and she could feel him slide out of her, every single inch of him, like she had never felt anyone before. He was huge, and she felt stretched way too much to be comfortable, but she couldn't seem to care about anything else than the sensation of his thick, warm cock sliding painfully slow against her walls.

When he pushed back in, he did it with a low groan and the same torturous slow precision, and she felt herself shake, like she was shuddering from a fever. Her arms were flailing around and hitting the bed frame, until he gripped her wrist firmly above her head and pinned her down.

She couldn't move, then, crushed under his thrusts and his weight, trapped and forced to feel everything, without any outlet beside the pressure she could feel building inside of her. The heat was maddening and relentless, he was relentless, pushing in and out of her, burying himself to the hilt every time and rolling his hips to move inside of her, but slowly picking up speed.

When he started fucking her in earnest, thrusting in her with enough violence to make the bed groan and bang against the wall, he also picked up an angle that brushed against her inner walls more roughly, hitting a spot inside of her that sent the pressure building impossibly higher.

“Oh, fuck, San... Sanguine, gods...”

He let go of her hands, and slid his arms around her, rose up on his knees and brought her back with him, supporting her with his hands on her ass, like she weighed nothing. The change of angle made her feel like she was wrapped around him and his cock buried impossibly deep inside of her was the only thing keeping her from falling.

She locked her arms around his neck and started to raise and fall against him, while his hands guided her, lifting her up and then clamping her down to meet his thrusts.

She was panting hard against his neck, muttering nonsense and moaning loudly every time her clit brushed roughly against him on her descent.

The fire inside her was becoming painful: too hot, too much and too strong, she felt like she was going to burn, for real, burn down to ashes, but she couldn't bring herself to care.

He brought her down on him, harder, and kept her there, with him buried deep within her body, and she finally went up in flames, or she felt like it, while she came harder than she ever had. Her vision blanked and she couldn't keep her arms around his neck anymore, she couldn't do anything else than ride her orgasm for what seemed like forever.

When she finally managed to breath again, she opened her eyes and found Sanguine staring at her, his hands still supporting her and his thrusts becoming faster and irregular. She still felt everything, every inch of her body ignited and aware, and so she could feel him tense and come, incredibly hot and deep inside her, groaning something that sounded almost like her name and falling forward to bury her under his weight.

She felt dead. Was she dead? She could barely feel her legs, and she could hardly breath, but she could still feel him, hard and hot, inside her. Then he took some of his weight off her, lifting himself on his arms and looking down at her with a smirk on his face.

He claimed her mouth in a kiss just as fierce as his first one, and she felt him twitch and starting to move again, inside her, but slower, and just barely, like he was trying to find a comfortable position to take residence inside her body.

Despite how crushed she felt, she managed to giggle at the thought, and he looked at her with a questioning glance.

“What? Amused, are we?”

“Yeah... No, it's just... Nevermind, it was silly.”

“I liiike silly.” he insisted, in a strange singsong tone that made her slightly uncomfortable, despite the playfulness.

“It’s... You look like you’re trying to find a comfortable position in my body. Are you planning on sleeping there?”

“Sleeping? Who could think...” he muzzled at her neck and kissed the underside of her ear, making her shiver “...about sleeping, when we could...” he took her earlobe between his teeth and bit down sharply “getting started on round two?”

She felt herself clench around him, her body reacting without a second of doubt, despite how sore and spent she felt, and he laughed against her skin.

“Look at you, all wrapped up around me... I bet I could fuck you for days without pause and find you always wet and ready, even if I broke you in half, mmm?”

His words painted a very vivid image in her mind, she could see herself naked and bloody, spread open and exhausted, bruised and bitten, but begging for more. Could she be like that? She knew she could, and her body betrayed her, because as much as she felt ashamed and slightly terrified at the thought, she had already started moving against him, meeting him in his shallow thrusts and she was panting lightly.

She could let him kill her with that, fuck her for days, feeding her only himself and maybe some delicious wine, like the kind he had in Misty Grove, and she would have loved that. She would have gladly gone like that, lost in pleasure and in pain, spent and used beyond what was humanly bearable.

He was dangerous, just as Molag Bal had been dangerous, he just liked to play another game with her.

She had to stop moving, stop moaning and she had to stop kissing him... when had they started kissing again? But he felt so good, and he was doing something with his hips that was bringing her up at every thrust, up and up to another peak, so close... Just another one, and then they could stop. They should stop. Before it was dangerous, really dangerous...

“I could keep you on the edge for hours, burning you from the inside, slowly, until you begged me to let you come, in any way, at any cost... You would ask me to do anything to you, wouldn’t you? You would let me hurt you so good, my sweet, wouldn’t you? And you would love it, every moment...”

The bed was creaking and scraping the stone floor again, and she could feel him pounding hard in her, with her legs now bent over his forearms and her own hands gripping the headboard painfully tight.

She had her eyes wide open, this time, and she could see him coming closer and closer, bending her in half in a way that should have been painful but was actually making her moan louder while he spoke and fucked her.

“And every time you passed out, I would bring you back to me, licking you open and then igniting you from the inside, and you would come to your senses ready for me, and so eager to have me come all over you once again, wouldn’t you, Alys?”



“ALYS! Open the door!”

She gasped and both her and Sanguine looked at the door.

Someone was banging at the door, and calling at her.

That was Ulfric’s voice.

Oh fuck.

“Stormblade! I’m getting this door open one way or another, so, if you can, come and open it NOW!”

Sanguine released her legs, and pulled out of her without haste, but he followed the motion and lifted himself up to sit on the bed.

“Uh ho... I’m afraid we forgot to be quiet and we woke up your master.”

“He’s not my master!”

“Whatever, *Stormblade*... I guess I’ll have to leave you two lovebirds alone, then.”

“Sanguine! don’t you dare...”

But he was gone. In the blink of an eye, he had disappeared, leaving behind just his scent and the mess he had made of her.

She was naked, on a bed with crumpled furs, and said bed was now almost four feet away from the wall it was previously standing beside. And Ulfric was banging like a madman at the door.

She decided there was nothing she could do for the bed, so she wrapped herself in what was left of the furs, before going to open her room to the Jarl, walking on legs that felt like jelly.

“Stormblade! You’re...” He stopped in midsentence.

She felt his eyes on her and she could just imagine what he could think. Her hair were a crazy explosion of tangled curls for sure, and she could feel how sweaty and flushed she was, but then, it probably didn’t matter that much, since she was very obviously naked under the furs and hopefully, if Sanguine had been right (and he usually was) Ulfric would have focused on that. She tried to assume a dignified stance, before speaking.

“My Jarl... I’m terribly sorry to have woken you up.” That was a good beginning, she just had to... Ah! Of course! “I’ve been having terrible nightmares, lately.”

“Nightmares? By Talos, Alys! You were screaming... And we could hear fighting, noises...”

“I’m deeply sorry, my Jarl, I sometimes trash so hard in my sleep that I move the bed around.”

She closed the door a little more, with her foot, hoping Ulfric wasn’t able to see much of the inside of her room. There was no nightmare in the world that could justify a bed traveling so far across the room... But it had apparently worked, because Ulfric didn’t look worried anymore, just slightly suspicious.

She had to reassure him a bit more, and apologize once again, just to make him say that it was not her fault that he was relieved to find out she was not being attacked.

They didn't speak for a while, she kept her eyes averted, looking at everything but him, but she could feel his gaze hard on her.

“Try to go back to sleep, Stormblade, we leave for High Hrothgar early in the morning.”

“Yes, my Jarl. Goodnight.”

She smiled at him, looked up and, for a moment, she saw him smile in return.

She closed the door behind her and let herself fall silently on the floor. The stone was icy cold and she welcomed the feeling against her skin.

She had a bed to push back against the wall, and she had to find a way to be able to ride a horse without wincing, in the morning.

Fuck Sanguine.

## End Notes

Story's not over but I still have to put the next part in a decent form and I seem to have some trouble with it.

This could work as a standalone oneshot, so you can read it that way and if you liked it, know that there will be more coming, I just don't know when.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!